

# THE DAILY REBEL

CHATTANOOGA:

TUESDAY MORNING, FEB. 17, 1863.

When will the present War come to an end? This question is not easily answered. Neither Gen. Bee, nor Gen. Johnston, nor any one of our great military commanders is able to give an opinion upon the subject that may not be modified by a single battle. War at all times is very uncertain. We do not mean by this avowment that the result of the struggle in which we are now engaged is at all problematical. Far from it. We have ever believed, since the commencement of hostilities, that as sure as a just God rules the universe and governs the destinies of men, so sure will the South break the chains that have bound her to the unprincipled Yankees.

President Davis in his late message to Congress, has intimated his belief that the war will close with the present year. In our judgment, and doubtless in his, the desired consummation hangs on the issue of battles yet to be fought, especially around Richmond. Some two hundred thousand Yankees now confront Gen. Lee on the marshy banks of the Rappahannock. Hooker, their fifth commander in Chief, following in the footsteps of his defeated predecessors, assures them that their matchless courage will soon overwhelm Lee's ragged rebels under his leadership. Richmond is shortly to be taken and a mortal blow given to the rebellion. This hyperbolic language, coming from a Yankee General, has no terror for the accomplished Lee and his veteran army. McDowell, McClellan, Pope, and Burnside, sang the same tune, yet what was their fate? and where are they now? A similar destination awaits Hooker. Our confidence is full to the brim that he will not reach Richmond, except as a prisoner of war! But one more victory over the "Grand Army of the Potomac," will not put an end to the war, unless it should be an overwhelming, crushing rout—such an one as even that prince of liars, Gen. Pope, would be forced to acknowledge. In a word, our opinion is, that if the Yankees are not in possession of Richmond within the next four, six, or ten months, at farthest, peace will soon thereafter bless the hearts of the people. It will be made, not by Lincoln, but by a counter revolution in the North or West. Now is the day, and now is the hour for the South to put forth all her strength. We can conquer a peace within the next ninety days, if all hands will put their shoulders to the wheel. Our people have to choose between a long and a short war—between a strong pull, a pull altogether, a successful pull for a dozen weeks more, or a continuance of the bloody contest during the reign of that vulgar knave, fool, and poltroon, Abraham the First.

We find published, with some rather pragmatic comments, in the Philadelphia Press, a letter, captured on the person of Maj. Reid Saunders, and written by Mr. J. M. Mitchell to the editor of the Irish Nation. In this epistle (which is dated from Richmond in October last) the writer gives his first impressions of Dixie. Considering that he had just come from Paris, passing by New York and Baltimore, where he traveled under an assumed name, and in a slight incognito, Mr. Mitchell's early notions of the South were even more encouraging, especially in point of comparison, than one would be led to infer. The capital of the Confederate States, he describes as busy, active and full of life; if not gay, yet animated, enthusiastic and earnest. No shoeless feet, no haggard famine-stricken faces; no ragged tatters; no motley fantastic officers and soldiery.

"Some in rage and some in tags,  
And some in velvet gowns."

(Albeit many empty shelves, and wooden legs.) Of the prosperity, resources, endurance, condition of the South and its people, Mr. Mitchell makes no doubt. He pays quite an appropriate allusion to his brother Irish, duped into the service of the North, with an eloquent tribute to those enlisted under the banner of the Southern States. The latter, unlike those of the Ex-United States, who march beneath green flags, herald Fenian emblems, shamrocks and other Irishisms of history and fable, and affect to adhere to the customs, rites and associations of Irish nationality, are scattered up and down the Southern line, shoulder to shoulder with the fiery South Carolinians, hand to hand with the chivalric Virginians, bill to bill with the desperate Texans, heart to heart with the indomitable Tennesseans.

The reflections drawn there by Mr. Mitchell are wise and patriotic, and his letter (which is brief, simple and to the point) will do much to enlighten those who read it. Mr. Mitchell has recently assumed charge of the Richmond Enquirer, a leading organ in the South, and his opinions are entitled to the additional weight thereby derived, to his own individual expressions.

Nothing can be more ominous for the cause of the enemy, than the waifs of public opinion, which reach us daily from the Northern States.

The change which has come over the spirit of that Utopian dream of conquest, wherewith the people of the North set out on their crusade against the South, is one of the most significant evidences that we have begun the down hill journey toward peace, yet rendered us by those tokens of the present, and prophets of the future—the signs of the times; and though we ought at all times to mark a just distinction between the illusions of fancy and the less pleasing, but far more real promptings of reason, fact and current event, we are at liberty to speculate, and it is right to do so, in regard to the possible, probable contingency, so earnestly invoked by millions of people in both wings of the old Union, the contingency of peace.

Since the days of Darius—not even excepting the brilliant campaign of the Duke of Wellington in the Low Countries in 1815—never has an army marched out, attended by a more glittering train of camp followers than that which was escorted by the gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives, distinguished strangers and invited guests, with their wives and ladies, to the far-famed, thrice consecrated plains of Manassas, on Saturday and Sunday, the 20th and 21st of July, 1861; and since the disastrous explosion and dissolution of the Saxons, never have a people arrived at a more desperate state of disruption, and impending destruction.

In the wild idea of freeing the slaves, they are about to enslave themselves, or else fall into the miserable chaos of military despotism, petty confederations and bankrupt commercial and financial societies.

The Lynchburg Republican thinks that one half of the present Congress, as of all preceding sessions, had been consumed in discussing the question of military exemptions. We have never known such a fruitful theme to engage the attention of a deliberative body. They build castles in the air to-day just to knock them down to-morrow. In some bills they have gone too far, and in others not far enough. Repeat, modification and addition, therefore, are the orders of the day upon this question, and a man who was exempt yesterday, don't know where he will be to-day. The valuable time of Congress is thus consumed in these idle matters, and the minds of the people confused and unsettled. We hope some satisfactory adjustment of the question may be effected at once, and be permitted to stand for the balance of the war.

Recently a court martial, ordered by Gen. Bragg, suspended Col. Martin J. Crawford from his command for ninety days. It seems that, with 241 men, he was surrounded with three regiments of cavalry to which, finding it useless to fight, he surrendered. Hence his trial. Immediately afterwards, he proceeded to Richmond, and laid the facts of the case before the President, who immediately restored him to his command, so says an Augusta paper.

The Athens Post remarks that "Mr. Conrad, of Louisiana, has prepared a measure designed to honeycomb his constituency into reelecting him. If a man who entertains the opinion of the public press that he does, ever proves capable of humbugging anybody but himself, we'll agree to pay for the cakes and ale."

Poor old John Crittenden says Kentucky must "fight Lincoln's proclamation with resolutions and the Rebels with bayonets." If the Yankees don't fight better with bayonets than they have heretofore done with bayonets they ought to quit the business.

Banks is said to have declared a short time space—"My army has gone to hell. It is useless to deny it." "It is useless to deny," too, that Banks will have an opportunity to command in person, in that far away country—if he gets his deserts.

Every church and suitable building in Nashville, besides twenty-two regular hospitals, have been filled with the wounded of the late battle of Murfreesboro, which amounted to over 15,000, a large number of whom had already died.

An English paper says that the scarcity of cotton has inevitably caused a change in the habits of consumers. Its great pity it does not change the habits of the thieving Yankees who have been consuming it on the Mississippi.

Elizabeth Jewel of Virginia, has now living 210 descendants; viz., 11 children, 89 grand-children, 109 great-grand children, and one great-great grand-child. The old lady ought to set up a jewelry store.

They have an automaton figure of a man on exhibition in Paris which talks.—Northern paper.

They have one in the Presidential chair at Washington, too. And "talking" is about all it does.

Down here in Georgia, they are making cotton-cards of dog-skins. The Georgia speculators had better be careful of their hides, if that's the case.

Charleston papers announce the death of Hon. Wm. Elliott, an elegant writer and accomplished litterateur. He was the author of an interesting little work entitled "Carolina Sports."

A famine is said to exist in Ireland. The means of small farmers were exhausted, laborers unemployed, and the manufacturer's interests desperately distressed.

A Texan and a Tennessean got into fight at Jackson, Miss., a few evenings since. Six shots were fired by the latter, all of which took effect, killing the Texan instantly. The offender was arrested.

There are now no Federals on the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad south of Memphis. Henderson's scouts and Blythe's cavalry are within eight miles of that point.

One hundred and twenty sacks of salt, sold at auction the other day in Atlanta, brought only sixteen cents per pound—about eight dollars per bushel.

A Federal report of the capture of Arkansas Post states that they leveled all the works and destroyed the buildings and log cabins.

If the Yankees should ever capture "old Pap," the hero of Missouri and release him the benefit of the cartel—what would be the Price of Sterling exchange up North?

An exchange says Prentice of Louisville got bitten in a recent cotton speculation. He is a two to one bet that the bite did of the bite.

A northern paper states that two Yankees were frozen in their tents. Well they are very apt to land in a good place to thaw.

The Yankees have attempted two disastrous passages lately—the passage of the Rappahannock and that of the negro-regiment bill.

Capt. J. F. J. Lewis has been appointed by Governor Harris attorney-general for the 2d judicial district.

The shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt in Memphis on the morning of the 23d ultimo.

The Mobile Tribune says "it is rumored that Gen. Bragg is to be transferred to this (Mobile) military command."

The nom de guerre "fighting Joe Hooker," is as little likely to win as the Little Napoleon.

The cotton famine in Rouen is said to be absolutely Rouenous.

NARROW ESCAPE OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.—The following from the New York World of the 4th instant, is the first we have heard of the "narrow escape" of President Davis recently at Mobile!

A correspondent states that Jeff. Davis had a remarkable adventure and a wonderful escape the other day at Mobile. It appears that the Confederate chief, accompanied by his staff and several others, had started on a tour of inspection to Fort Morgan, when some portion of the machinery of his steam tug gave way, and they found themselves drifting out to sea. An extraordinary expedition was suggested and adopted with success. They went in a small boat, as they pretended, for the English consul who was at the time in one of the steamers of the Federal blockading fleet. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that the notorious rebel and his friends succeeded in regaining the "sacred soil" of the Confederacy.

A PATRIOTIC SLAVE.—We have been shown a letter from a slave of the Warwick family, named James Christian, who has been in nearly all the important battles fought in Virginia. In his letter he says:

"Tell my mistress I am still struggling with master Barksdale in his holy cause, and will endeavor to do so as long as we are together; for I know he is a friend to me therefore I shall always prove a friend to him as I did to his beloved brother, Bradflete Warwick, whose loss I shall mourn to my grave. I know he was a brave and gallant an officer as ever the sun shone upon, and I hope when I depart this life to meet him at the throne of glory."

Major General Sterling Price, says the Richmond Whig of the 11th, was complimented with a serenade on Monday night at the Spotswood Hotel, in this city, when he has been sporting for some days past. Smith's band was in attendance, together with a large throng of citizens. After the performance was briefly addressed, the General yielded to the entreaties of the ladies, and made his appearance at a window, where he spoke a few words of gratitude to those who had so kindly complimented him in the capital of his native State. He replied that the government authorities were now inclined to give him a fair chance in the field where he hoped his friends would soon hear from him. The General's little speech was much applauded, and after he withdrew the audience was briefly addressed by Senator Clark. Gov. Foster, Judge Moore, and the band played several pieces in most excellent style.

## BY GRAPE-VINE AND OTHERWISE.

ON BITS OF THE DAY.

CHATTANOOGA.....Saturday Evening, E. P. M. Time—Midnight. Scene.—Grapevine Office—blazing grate—smoke wreathes from a chimney—

From without—in the alley below, apparently—comes a stifled bleat as from a worried feline. Then a hum and tramp of shuffling feet like the tragedy buzz in a country theatre before the leading ranters enter. Then voices as of the newsboys in a melee. "Hit 'em agin." "Tore a nether." "Bust im wide-open Billy." "Give 'im nuther clap o' the bawl, you little fisher," and "oh! lordy."

Then a dead silence. Probably a juvenile vender of daily Rebels murdered. I was about to hoist the window to look out upon the result—when an urchin entered with a bloody nose and a map of the "seat of war" on his shirt bosom "done in red."

"Who hit you?" I asked.

"Tige!"

"Tige" is an attack of the Printing Office—formerly a member of the Louisiana Tiger. He is employed to "run the machine," at this office—and the terror of refractory office boys, is "Tige."

Some one suggested to the wounded newsboy to go after the Provost Guard and have "Tige" arrested for assault and battery. After a long and weary search he found the guard but neither the guard nor the complainant could find the whereabouts of "Tige." "Never mind," says the guard, if you can't find him now—when you do find him, knock him heavy with a stick.

In the course of the night the unsuspecting "Tige" came into the counting-room—threw himself across the folding-table, slept and dreamed—

"Of foreign cut throats, ambuscades, etc."

After awhile entered his youthful antagonist, with a hickory stick—teeth clenched and nostrils dilated—eyes twinkling revenge and as assassination. "Where's Tige?" he asked of the foreman. Foreman pointed out the slumbering log-cabin and told newsboy to "kill him very dead," and to do it effectually to "hit him right across the Adam's apple and break his gookle," for which friendly office Foreman offered the sum of ten dollars, if Tige should get his ghettos and "shuffle off this mortal coil."

Newsboy protested that he "didn't charge for killin' of 'im"—want to be revenged on the ones anyhow.

He approached his enemy like a cat—aimed a blow at the sleeping "Tige"—and pow—when woe!

It is needless to remark that the blow slightly disturbed the slumbers of Tige, who thought the roof had fallen in. It didn't kill him, however. The blow was aimed too high. "Tige" rolled off the table—tried to scratch a hole in the floor to the cellar below—falling in which he looked up and discovered the young assassin snoring off for another attack.

"Tige" has a slight impediment in his speech. "T-t-t-tit you d-d-d-o strike me wid dat s-s-blick!"

"Yes, by grannie, I did, an' I'll do it again, loos, if you kum again us—stan off!"

But Tige wouldn't "stan off." He rushed impetuously against his assassinator and the two rolled in a cloud of dust and were lost for a moment to the sight of spectators. The charge of Breckinridge at Murfreesboro was nothing to it. The great canine encounter of Main street was but a cipher in comparison. The combatants rolled and scrambled across the room, beneath the table, upsetting it and fighting over it; then into the coal scuttle, and out again; over against the water stand which being up-turned in the struggle cooled them both materially, then against the desk and up at the window—breaking out the sash and falling fighting into the alley below, where the guard came in, and they were separated. Loss heavy on both sides. Drawn battle, and no prisoners. And in this way results nearly every battle, which occurs in our vicinity.

WHAT THE YANKES GOT BY THE CAPTURE OF ARKANSAS POST.—The Yankees seem to have made very little from the capture of Arkansas Post, of which they boasted so much. A correspondent of the New York Herald writes:

Those who supposed that the Union army which captured the Post of Arkansas would parcel out and possess Little Rock were doomed to disappointment; after remaining there four or five days, during which the fort was destroyed, every house burned and the rifle pits closed, our forces set sail for Napoleon, and long are they are moored at some safe point, where they will co-operate with the grand movement against Vicksburg. General Gorman's expedition up White-river—owing to the timely evacuation of the places on the river—was an unavoidable failure. He got to each place just after the rebels had left. Two guns captured at Dava's Bluff, because the railroad engine could not get them on in time, constituted the spoils of an expedition costing thousands of dollars per day.

In addition to the voice of our Congressmen, all the papers of Tennessee that reach us urge Governor Harris to assemble the Legislature. We agree with the Chattanooga Rebel that matters of importance demand immediate consideration, and such is the universal opinion of all the Tennesseans we have met since the subject was broached. Fortunately, there is no legal impediment to such action, the Legislature, at its last session, having provided for the contingency that now exists. There is no reason why every branch of our State Government should not be performing their legitimate functions.—[Jackson (Miss.) Appeal.]

## OLD ABE'S LAST SONG.

TUNE.—AND LET THE POOR PILGRIM GO HOME GO HOME.

Written for the Daily Rebel.

My dearest friend, give me your hand,  
And tell me where I am to land.  
O! Seward dear O! Seward dear,  
I wish I never had come here.

Chorus: Roll on, roll on, sweet moments roll on,  
And let the poor Abram, go home, go home.

McClellan and his friends, 'tis said,  
Are daily wishing I was dead;  
Assassins stare me in the face,  
And long to end my mortal race.

Chorus: Roll on, &c.

No matter where I walk or ride,  
I must have soldiers by my side;  
And if good luck does not come soon  
I fear your Abe is a "gone coon."

Chorus: Roll on &c.

I used to tell some funny tales  
But now my strength or courage fails;  
Who could spin yarns when cursel foes  
Beset him wheresoever he goes?

Chorus: Roll on &c.

As thick as bees the rebels swarm,  
And make me feel I'm in a storm;  
The Union should they split in two,  
Down will I go with all my crew.

Chorus: Roll on &c.

With foes in front and foes in rear,  
What shall I do, my Seward dear,  
O! Seward dear, O! Seward dear,  
I wish I never had come here.

Chorus: Roll on &c.

BRASS BUTLER AGAIN.—A Northern paper, giving the views of General Butler on the war, as expressed in his speech at Boston, says:

General Butler spoke with great feeling and devotion, announced his readiness to go wherever his country calls.

He said that in his judgment we had exhausted all measures of conciliation, and there should be no peace until the rebels were content to receive it as a part of the Union.

His plan for the War Department was the introduction of free labor at the South, whereby labor would become honorable, and thereby more abundant crops of cotton could be raised at less cost than by slave labor. Cotton could be raised with profit at less than ten cents per pound, while we are now paying fifty and sixty cents per pound on cotton, thus bringing the market price to twenty cents, and we have an internal revenue from that source alone enough to pay the interest on a war debt twice as large as that we now have; besides, England and France, who do so much to prolong the war, would thus be obliged to pay a large proportion of the debt.

The Jackson Miss. correspondent of the Mobile Tribune has recently met several ladies, who have just succeeded in getting out from New Orleans. In a recent letter to that paper he says:

I saw, yesterday several ladies who were allowed by Gen. Banks to come to "Dixie." There were some one hundred and fifty of them brought over to Donaldsonville under a flag of truce. These ladies were subjected to all sorts of humiliations and insulting treatment before they were allowed to leave New Orleans. For instance, they were taken into a room where there were three imported Yankee women, to be examined. Their clothing was all taken off of them, even to their shoes and stockings. These Yankee ladies examined all their clothing and their persons, not even allowing them to bring letters of introduction. Some few of the ladies had brought a few spoons of cotton thread—these spoons were examined, and the papers on the end torn off for fear of their being concealed in the centre contraband information. The ladies told me that the abolitionists were more afraid of the ladies of New Orleans than the men. They say that New Orleans never before have been taken when the men done what the women wanted them to do, and that is, "let them shell." Mobilians, remember this.

## TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 9th, 1863.

At a meeting of the officers of Hanson's Brigade to take into consideration the death of Brig. Gen. Roger WOOTEN HANSON, who fell mortally wounded, while gallantly leading his brigade at the battle of Murfreesboro; Maj. W. L. Clark, 6th Kentucky, was selected Chairman, and Lieut. W. M. Carson, Secretary.

A Committee—Col. Thos. H. Hunt, 24th Kentucky Chairman—was appointed to draft appropriate resolutions, and report the following:

Whereas, it has seemed good to our Heavenly Father, to call to rest from his labors, our beloved General, in whom a high sense of duty to his country, and tender regard for his command, were so exquisitely combined, that while he effected a high order of discipline, and received unflinching obedience at the same time, was the ardent affection of his brigade—as a sad, yet cheerful testimonial of our appreciation and love. Be it

Resolved, That while with hearts heavy with deep anguish, we deplore the loss of the invaluable services, wise counsel and delightful companionship of our gallant, kind and gifted leader, we find partial consolation in the reflection, that Providence delights to claim earliest, the best and most noble, and that a holy cause will be more glorified, and our determination to sustain it more irreversibly fixed by the removal of him so adored and loved—youth's and freedom's martyr.

That in his death, his country lost one of her most zealous and effective patriots, his State a favorite son, of whose genius and eloquence, she justly boasted, the legal profession a brilliant ornament, society a worthy citizen, his brigade and officer, who sacrificed for their country, all save duty, his associates a generous and affable friend, and his family a cherished relative and protector.

That to his family, we tender our sincerest sympathy, for though to them, he has left untarnished, his proud heritage of a patriot warrior's name; yet this can but slightly compensate for the loss of the society of one so affectionate, as he was talented and brave.

That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be spread on the Regimental Order books of each regiment of the brigade, a copy forwarded to his family, and a copy be sent to the Richmond Enquirer, Richmond Dispatch, Memphis Appeal, Rebel Banner, Chattanooga Rebel and Mobile Register, and Advertiser, with a request for publication.

Lieut. W. M. CARSON, Secretary. Maj. W. L. CLARK, Chairman.